

# Animals

OUR DUMB



"BEFORE THE OAK LOGS BURNING BRIGHT"

—Dr. Richard E. Krauss

THE NATION'S SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
 Assistant Editor—ALBERT C. GOVERNOR  
 Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

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# Animals

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## *The Professional Humanitarian*

**H**E is somewhat of a unique character, seldom envied by very many. He usually began his career in a modest job with a small or medium-sized humane society. He possessed a natural interest in animals and he enjoyed working with them and for them, but there were many moments in his early career when he wondered if he were really getting anywhere — if his folks were not upset by his turning into a “dog and cat man”, especially after providing him with a good education.

But somehow he persevered — rode the animal ambulance, worked with the agents, saw the horrors of the slaughter houses, learned to see cruelty at its worst, punished the guilty in court, introduced and helped to pass legislation, raised funds, was ridiculed in the newspapers, stood for hours in the euthanasia room, supervising animals being humanely put to sleep, spoke at hundreds of meetings (missing dinner at home, thus having his wife and family upset with him), wrote innumerable pieces for the press and for members, and then realized he loved it all and would not change one bit if he had to do it over again. And yet, few envied him.

Perhaps that is the reason the main topic of conversation among humane executives is “Where can I find a good junior humane executive?” The fact is that all too few are available — most of the time, none at all. Most societies cannot afford to have “men in training,” and as a result, when openings are available a poor or secondary choice is made.

This is a serious situation for the whole humane movement, and something should be done about it now! Perhaps at the next national humane convention this subject will be discussed and some action taken to correct this obvious weakness.

The future of humane work in America will, to a large extent, depend upon the quality, integrity, ability, and dedication of the professional humanitarian. We hope a training program can be inaugurated on a national scale, with all societies cooperating. Our Massachusetts S.P.C.A. will certainly cooperate or, if need be, assume the leadership in such efforts.

E. H. H.

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**You can argue with a police officer, but you can't argue with...**

# That Canine Corps

**By A.C.G.**



**NEWS ITEM: Who's scared? Does the use of police dogs scare criminals? Ask the 22-year-old man wanted for assaulting a police officer who came to the police station to give himself up . . . He didn't mind the police looking for him, he explained to the judge, but he heard they were going to start searching with dogs . . . He gave himself up, he said, just to be on the safe side . . .**

**I**NSPECTOR Leo T. Kelly, Supervisor of Baltimore City Police K-9 Corps said, "We have found that trained dogs are particularly effective for apprehending criminals fleeing from the scene of a crime; detecting burglars hiding in large industrial plants and warehouses; dispersing disorderly crowds; appearing at the scene where an officer may be having trouble with a prisoner; trailing and detecting wanted persons hidden in wooded and suburban areas, particularly at night."

The administration of the Baltimore City Canine (K-9) Corps is under the direction of Inspector Leo T. Kelly. A Lieutenant is in command of the unit and he has a civilian trainer assigned to him whose sole responsibility is the training of the officers and the dogs. Mr. Patrick Cahill, who formerly served twenty-seven years with the Metropolitan Police Force,

London, England, is the present trainer. There are also 2 sergeants assigned to the K-9 Corps who assist in the training program. These sergeants also monitor the activity of the K-9 patrol force in the field under the direction of their commanding officer. The balance of the organization consists of 30 officers, a clerk and 37 dogs.

It must be kept in mind that an officer to work with a dog must want to do so—he cannot be forced into the job as his reactions to his work reflects in the animal. All officers, therefore, must volunteer. From this list they are carefully screened and selected. First, they must meet certain requirements: (a) They must live in their own home. This must have adequate ground or yard to house and care for a dog. (b) The officer's wife must be investigated from the standpoint of willingness and approval. (c) They must have an automobile to use at all times. (d) Their personnel record with the department must be good. (e) They must have sufficient practical police experience or knowledge before being assigned.

No kennel facilities are provided. Each dog is assigned to an officer and from that point on lives with him at his home. The fact that the dog is with the officer constantly not only provides a closer bond of relationship between the man and dog, but it also eliminates the necessity of the building of expensive kennels and the personnel to staff it.

All dogs have been donated outright to the department for use in police work. They must be German Shepherd Dogs (male) sound of body, physically fit and of good even temperament—neither vicious nor shy, and preferably under 3 years of age.

The food, equipment, and veterinary charges are paid for by the police department and it figures out to be approximately \$200 per dog per year.

Each officer is taught to train his dog. The dog is first trained in basic obedience, and tested for gun shyness. Next, attack work and then trailing. Finally, the dog

is trained to locate articles or materials that could be used as evidence. In attack training the dog is taught to attack only on command of his handler and then releases immediately when told.

The Baltimore City Police are utilizing the services of 18 officers and dogs patrolling the streets of Baltimore on foot each night; in addition there are 4 radio patrol cars each with officer and dog.

The function of the K-9 Corps is not to replace the Post Officer, but to work in conjunction with him, keeping in mind that their effectiveness is greatest on the public streets and in the city parks.

The general public has accepted this program wholeheartedly and the press has been most cooperative. The entire program has had the desired effect, and that possibly can be summed up in this brief statement—"You can argue with a Police Officer, but you cannot argue with his dog."







A group of wild turkey toms at an Oklahoma wildlife refuge.

# A Native American Is

## Mr. Tom Turkey

By W. A. Swallow

THE early colonists of our country quite probably brought turkeys with them to the new world. And they were no doubt astonished to find this bird, that they were accustomed to as a barnyard fowl in their old homes, living in large numbers throughout this strange country.

Arriving in Virginia, the colonists found turkeys there before them. In their first landing on Cape Cod, the Pilgrims noted their presence and it is reported that Miles Standish told of finding the woods full of turkeys on his first scouting expedition.

Actually, the turkey is a true American and one of the most characteristic birds on this continent—so much so, in fact, that Benjamin Franklin argued that the turkey should be selected as our national emblem instead of the bald eagle.

The bird was not known to the people of Europe until the Spaniards took some specimens from Mexico, where the Aztecs had already domesticated them. There is a record that Cortez sent turkeys to Spain as early as 1517. From Spain, this bird was gradually introduced into France, Italy, Germany, the Low Countries and from there, across the Channel into England, just about in time for specimens to be transported back

across the Atlantic to share, or to be shared, in our first Thanksgiving Day.

In those early days there were, it seems, two different families of these birds inhabiting North America—those of Mexican origin, distinguished by the white-tipped feathers of the lower back and tail, and those inhabiting the Allegheny Mountain region whose tail feathers were a rich chestnut-brown.

The turkey population in the colonies eventually became somewhat mixed since it seems evident that some of the wild birds were probably caught and domesticated and without doubt some of the domesticated birds, brought from England, escaped into the woods to mate with their wild prototypes.

Today, there are a number of intermediate forms in the Southwest, one, in southern Florida, with narrower barring on the wings and smaller than the northern bird. In the course of domestication and commercial raising

various strains have come into being that are widely different from the original stock. In southern Mexico the Ocellated Turkey represents a quite distinct species.

But, much as we know about this bird; much as we have delved into its history, there is still one question that appears to be without solution. That is, where or why was the name "turkey" given to such an American citizen?

Some writers suggest that this bird was confused for years with the guinea fowl, which is thought to have reached Europe from Africa by way of Turkey and called, at one time, the Turkey-cock. What seems even more unexplainable is the fact that when the two were eventually distinguished as different birds, the name turkey was bestowed upon the wrong bird.

Another tradition accounts for the name as originating from the call of the bird, "turk-turk-turk. . ."

# "Eric," The Newf

*by Gladys Chase Gilmore*

## Chapter XI

### *Near Tragedy*



ONE morning as Jeanie and Roger were boarding the school bus, Eric bounded along beside them. He enjoyed the attention he always got from the children and affectionate greeting of the bus driver. He was on the far side of the bus barking and jumping about as the children leaned out of the windows to talk to him.

"Go home, Eric," Jeanie commanded but he lingered waiting for the bus to leave. Then suddenly she screamed. A big truck speeding along the highway bore down upon him. The brakes screeched but not in time.

Eric lay there in the road, very still. Jeanie flew out of the bus. She sat right down in the road beside him and lifted his big head in her arms, tears blinding her eyes. She kept calling his name and asking God not to let him die.

The truck had stopped and the two men came back to speak to Roger who stood with the bus driver leaning over Eric. They asked whose dog it was and if he was dead.

"He is not dead," Jeanie sobbed. "He opened his eyes and looked at me."

This spurred Roger into action. He showed the men how to fix a temporary stretcher with a tarpaulin and move Eric gently up on the lawn. He asked the bus driver to go and explain at school why he and Jeanie were absent. Then he went to call his mother and as always she took over. She called Dr. B. in New Haven the veterinarian that had treated Eric before. He said to put the dog on a mattress in the station wagon and bring him over to the animal hospital as quickly as possible. She asked Roger to call Daddy to meet them at the hospital. She decided to take Jeanie with her and leave Roger in charge of Bobbie and the house. The two truck men felt very badly about the accident and offered to do anything they could to help her. So it wasn't long before she and Jeanie were on their way. Dr. B. was a well known veterinarian, a friend of the Channings, the owners of the kennels where Eric was born. The Ericksons had complete confidence in him. A tall man with smiling blue eyes, he always spoke to his animal patients in a quiet conversational tone. Anyone could tell he loved animals.

After what seemed to Jeanie a very long time Dr. B. returned to tell them Eric was a very sick dog. The doctor said that a fine dog like Eric had the power to become well quickly and he would do his very best to pull him through in spite of internal injuries and a broken leg.

As the doctor walked with them toward the door one of his assistants appeared with two tiny kittens.

"Would this little girl like to help us find a home for these two orphan kittens?" he asked holding out two fluffy balls of fur, one yellow, one gray. "We haven't been able to find a place for them since their mother died."

"Do you think you could manage it, Mrs. Erickson?" Dr. B. asked looking at mother but handing the kittens to Jeanie. "Two are always easier to care for than one." He must have guessed how much comforting diversion they would provide during Eric's illness. Jeanie loved them at once and offered to take all the care of them herself so the kittens went home with the Ericksons.

Eric's life hung in the balance. Daddy went each day to talk to Dr. B. He was worried because Eric wouldn't eat and was getting sicker. On the third day Dr. B. spoke of Jeanie as Daddy had told him of Eric's devotion to her. He suggested bringing her over as the dog might respond to the person closest to him. Daddy talked it over at home and they decided to bring Jeanie to the hospital.

Eric didn't seem to know her at first as she sat close to him and pleaded with him to get well. At last he raised his head and recognized her, licking her hand feebly and whining as she buried her face in his fur. She kept talking to him softly and tenderly, pouring out her love.

"Good girl, Jeanie," the Doctor said as he and Daddy stood watching. "Here's some special food. See if you can get him to take it. Feed him like a baby."

"Come on, now, Eric, open your mouth. I want you to eat this. You have to get your strength back. Yes. I do love you," she said, "but first let's eat."

"There's the answer," Dr. B. said to Daddy. "It's love that does it every time. He'll improve fast from now on." After arranging for Jeanie to visit Eric regularly 'til he could be sent to the kennel to finish getting well, everybody was happy again.

# Flying High

By Nancy Terry

**B**EHOLD the phenomenon of nature! A valiant wren set up housekeeping in our shed. A dramatic occurrence made possible by my family's complete aversion to closing doors.

The other day, I spied Nan, age six, skipping out the back door with a large cooking spoon. Reflex sent me speeding after her. "And where are you going with that?" I admonished.

"To pick up the eggs," she replied nonchalantly.

"Eggs!" I shrieked.

And eggs there were. Five nestless eggs rolling around in a large can nailed on the shed's wall.

"Where's the nest?" I glared accusingly.

"That must be it on the floor," offered Happy, age five, innocently. "I was just getting my tent down. How was I to know? Huh?" (So exasperatingly male.)

He was right. Well, sort of. There was a pile of leaves, sticks, bits of string and feathers at my feet. Hastily, I scooped up the remnants and patted them into a bowl-like shape. Then with two delighted faces peering bug-eyed over my shoulders, I gingerly transported the eggs in Nan's spoon to the nest and rolled them in. The effect was exquisite.

Completely undaunted, the mother winged right into the nest the instant we vacated the premises. Fortunately for all concerned, we adjourned for our Easter vacation, and Mrs. Wren was left to hatch her brood in relative peace.

The nest's dilapidated condition was really bad by the time we returned. Babies were everywhere. A one-pound-coffee-can solved the problem. I stuffed nest and babies inside. The mother approved and it certainly facilitated our viewing sessions which took place every morning around eight, when the neighborhood would congregate to view the babies.

You can imagine my great prestige when upon a peeping signal from me the babies would all raise their heads and fling open their mouths hungrily. The kids were demented. This delightful performance stopped immediately when their eyes opened and they got a decent look at me.

Everything got along just fine. Occasionally an adventurous baby would wander from the nest and require replacing; but this was my pleasure. Then one evening to my horror, I discovered no mother on the nest. Promptly I pried open their baby's mouths and squirted a prescribed baby pabulum down their quacking throats. No baby bird was going to die in our shed.

Another consultation with my friend assured me that they would in all probability live. I sighed in relief, and said sensibly, "Then, when they're a bit older, I'll just take them out and let them fly away."

"Only they won't leave," confided my friend.

I felt a momentary twinge of pride. "What do you mean they won't leave," I challenged, suspecting a trick.

"They won't know how to fly," he hissed. "And there's a \$500 fine for keeping wild birds in captivity."



Oh, the injustice of this civilized world.

By morning, I'd resolved to carry on and if necessary even climb a tree to demonstrate how it is done. At eight a.m. my troupe and I marched into the yard with the coffee can full of babies. The lessons would begin at once. Suddenly something buzzed my head and the babies took off like the Fourth of July, cheered upward and onward by none other than errant Mrs. Wren. Somehow, I felt indignant and cheated. The kids couldn't have cared less. They had discovered a new nest over the front door. I'm taking their word for it.

## ANIMAL NEWS

By Mario Demarco







# Mister Tom and Billie

By Mae Taylor Krouse

ON an adventure into the wilds not far from the Alaska boundary, Mr. Tom chose to ride a mule named Billie. The guide explained,—“Some folks call him WILD—but always with me he’s as gentle as a horse or lamb.”

Leaving the town of White Horse late in the afternoon, they hoped to reach The Meadows to pitch tent for the night.

In the morning, following the trail all was well for miles when suddenly, Billie began to throw the right ear back and the left ear forward, which the guide noticed. “There’s an Indian ahead of us—keep cool and stick to the mule.” Tom patted Billie’s neck and spoke to him kindly. Sure enough, in a few minutes an Indian came along, he was a young Indian and Billie walked past without a bit of ado, though Tom believed he was a bit agitated. The party reached the hoped-for space and pitched tent. The following afternoon, a member of the Ashiack Tribe came into their midst. He was so thin and hungry-looking, he was invited to partake of their supper. Strange as it seemed to the guide, since he had been told some things about Billie, there was no upset or agitation. Maybe the Ashiack was different.

Plunging into the wilds, seeking knowledge of the country, the trail led to a

stream coming into the river. This was choked with rocks. Around these, the horse, with guide, and Tom, with Billie, made their way. They were to climb a mountain to a plateau. When they had climbed about two hundred feet, they came to a long over-hanging rock and directly beneath this, the guide rode the horse on the *very edge* of the steep decline. All was well until a sharp turn had to be made to the right. A step before this was taken, they saw a large flat stone, having a weight of perhaps fifty pounds. The horse placed his left forefoot carefully on the rock before placing his weight upon it. It held firm. He made another step, turned the curve and was lost to sight for the moment. When Billie reached the rock, he, too, placed his left front foot on it. At first impact it held, but when the entire weight was placed upon it, *it slipped*. Instantly Billie lifted his foot, as quick as a flash of lightning, *jabbing it down into the hole*, which was exposed. And with the next step they turned the corner in safety. Mr. Tom knew the intelligence and sure-footedness of Billie *had saved his life*.

One day, they had located a piece of ground with some high, rich grass. Realizing the horse and mule needed food and rest, they decided to spend the night

on the spot. Mr. Tom, using Billie’s saddle for a pillow, fell into a doze, but was awakened by a strange voice. The stranger had three huskies with him. He noted the mule and stopped . . . “Say, Chief, is that Billie The Wild?”

“Yes, it is.”

“How much would you sell him for?”

“Oh, about three hundred dollars.”

“If I had the money, I’d buy him . . .”

At that moment Tom stepped into the picture. “Three hundred, four hundred or more would not give *you* Billie. If he is ever for sale, I shall buy him.”

The man with his huskies moved on.

Soon the day came when Tom had to say “good-bye” to Billie. He placed his arms around the mule’s neck; while Billie rubbed his nose against Tom’s hand. Did Billie realize it was the hour of parting? Oh, those few minutes were going fast. Then Tom whispered to Billie—“I’ll be back some day to see you.” Billie’s eyes followed him until he turned a corner, and was out of sight. On Tom’s return home, his own words best express his feelings about Billie. I do not ever expect to meet his equal. In time, I may forget to some degree, the study of wild life in natural settings—but never, never shall I forget Billie. If I return to that country, I shall not come home alone.”





# Antarctic Jester

By Arthur Scholes

**P**ENGUINS have become familiar to newspaper readers around the world as the many expeditions return from the Antarctic continent at the end of the International Geophysical Year program.

I spent two periods in Antarctica with the scientific expeditions at Heard Island, 2,500 miles southwest of Perth, West Australia, and on the research ship *Discovery II* and witnessed a few interesting things about penguins.

Did you know that penguins were great music lovers? Antarctic records show that the skirl of the bagpipes has drawn these curious creatures from their ice-covered nests to the flaps of expedition tents!

In the ice pack farther south, the penguins are very playful and often take rides on pieces of floating ice.

The penguins are hardy birds. Their wings lack quills and are incapable of flexure, though they move freely at the shoulder joints.

In the water, the birds use them as paddles and they can sweep along at more than 30 m.p.h. On the land, the penguins use their wings for fighting.

When chased over the ice, penguins often skim along on their tough bodies, glissading down hillocks and beating the snow-covered ground with their flippers.

Penguins are not only peculiar in their actions, but also they are very fussy about their food and eat practically nothing but fish and crustacea.

The sea leopards and skua gulls are the

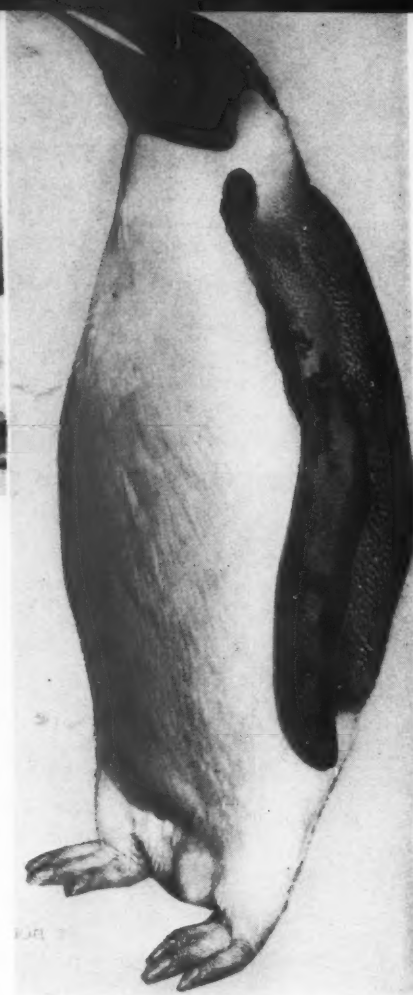
penguin's natural enemies. The former can outswim them in the water and play cat and mouse with them; while the latter swoop down on their nests to steal their eggs and attack the young.

However, man has been by far the worst enemy and destroyer that the penguins have ever encountered. Millions of penguins suffered great cruelties at the hands of man until 1916. Now, however, Heard Island, where the Australian expedition had a weather station for five years, and Macquarie Island where the station is still maintained, have been declared natural reserves by the Australian Government.

There are altogether at least 14 different species of penguins. They have their own rules of courtship and etiquette—the formal bow to the lady over the nest before the mating season and the peculiar braying noise which has been termed their serenade. The latter noise is emitted when the beaks are held straight up in the air and it strongly resembles the noise made by a donkey.

Except the Emperor and the King penguins, the others lay two white eggs each. Both male and female birds sit on the nest, generally built on rocky ground near the shore.

The brooding instinct is so strong in the birds that they have been known to brood lumps of ice and stones. The young birds are fed beak to beak, not only by their parents but on a community basis.



Awaiting an expedition landing.

The stately Emperor penguins breed in the height of the Antarctic winter; so that the young may be fully fledged by next winter. The birds can roll their eggs onto their feet and hop along the ice, kangaroo-fashion.

Some of the little black-headed Adelie Land penguins make their nests several miles from the sea and they have been known to brood completely covered by ice.

By following the underwater currents over vast distances, the penguins return every year to their own rookeries. Some of them migrate thousands of miles north to the Galapagos Islands, almost in the Central Pacific.

But the first gentlemen of Antarctica are polite and courteous to all visitors to their icy continent. They not only provide them with pleasure and amusement to while away the off-duty hours of expedition life, but what's more they have never been known to harm anyone unless first provoked.



Gerry B. Schnelle, chief of the Angell Memorial Society, presented an engraved certificate of merit on the Massachusetts Animal Humane Education Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their com-

the speaker for the afternoon, Mr. Albert A. Pollard, director of the American Humane Education Society, whose office is in the same building as the Angell Memorial Animal Humane Education Society, were presented citations of merit today by the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their com-

man, both of Lynnfield, were presented citations of merit today by the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals for their com-

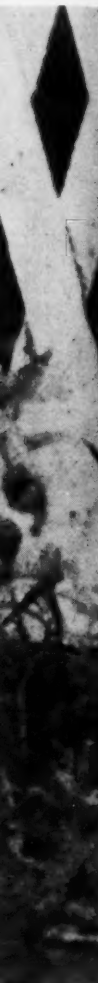
sponsored by the poster contest Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society of Boston. Posters will

which reach our desk monthly is "Our Dumb Animals," produced by the M.S.P.C.A. It is profusely illustrated with appealing pictures of our footed friends. We have no nearly necessary, we are to and comfort that are b hospitalizat ly true in where diste and where

# THE NEWS

s one. But even hooks

(Conn.) Times



## DOG'S EYE VIEW

Here is a much travelled gentleman riding through Venice by gondola and speculating in which house Fifi, that most feminine of all poodles, whom he had met by chance the day before, might be staying.

Photo by Buchanan

## IT LOOKS LIKE A LEFT HOOK

But in reality it's just a discovery by the photographer. Turn the picture upside down and you will see the way the cat actually appeared while lying on the floor in camera range.

Photo by F. E. Westlake





# Globe-trotter

By Fred D. Carinder



**M**ABEL, the blase calico cat, flicks her tail in disdain when her master boasts that she's one of the most widely traveled felines in the nation. She flattens her ears in anger when he figures out that she's toured more than 28,000 miles in 35 states. She leaves the room when he counts off the modes of transportation she's used—planes, trains, boats, subways, cars and trucks.

With Mabel out of earshot, Robert Anderson, a native of Martinsville, Indiana, can explain. That's the kind of a cat Mabel is, one of the most aloof and

unpretentious member of a typically aloof and unpretentious species.

Her personality is the result of six years on the road with Anderson who moves with the seasons, working as a desk clerk in resorts.

It's been a long way in miles and attitudes since Mabel walked into a movie theater in Indianapolis as a lonesome kitten. Anderson, who had never liked cats before, paused in his job as a theater manager to adopt her.

She was named in honor of the theater's ticket seller. "It's a good com-

mon name and she's a good common cat," explains Anderson. As more and more movies closed, Anderson put Mabel in a special carrying case and took to the hotel and resort circuit. But not without incident.

Mabel gave birth to a kitten in Indianapolis one night and left for Pittsburgh the next morning. There she had two more kittens, 24 hours later. The hotel found out and Mabel was evicted for the first time and only time in her travels. "If I have to choose between Mabel and my home," Anderson exclaimed, "I'll choose Mabel every time."

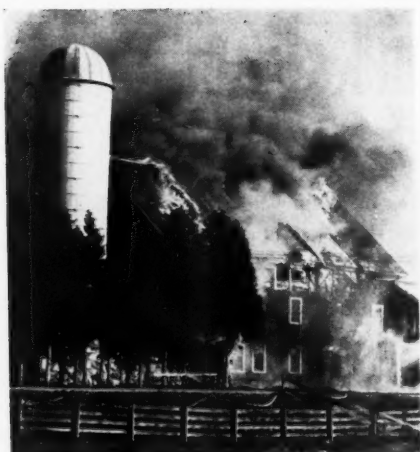
Anderson lost his wallet at Fallon, Nevada and appealed to the police. They gave Mabel and Anderson a free night's lodging in the local jail. Next day Mabel endured a ride in a truck—beside a huge dog—to Reno so Anderson could obtain some money.

"To be truthful," admits Anderson, "she's eaten when I haven't. She's taken 13 airplane trips (she sleeps most of the time), saw Alcatraz on a boat tour, sailed on lake Michigan, peered at both oceans and traveled on many trains. Give her something to eat and a window to look out of, and she's fine.

"She senses it when I start packing," says Anderson. But her independence never falters. If she isn't ready to leave, she runs and hides. That's Mabel.







**F**IRE Prevention Week is the oldest of the "National Weeks" in the United States. Thirty-seven years ago in 1922 President Warren G. Harding proclaimed the first Fire Prevention Week. Since then the President of the United States annually proclaims the week in October which contains October 9 as Fire Prevention Week. It is designed to mark the anniversary of the Great Chicago Fire, October 9, 1871. That famous conflagration caused \$175,000,000 estimated damage to property and a loss of at least 250 human lives as well as an unknown number of animal lives. The primary purpose of the Week is to call to the public's attention the great need for fire prevention in the home, in the office building, in the factory, in the school and *on the farm*.

Mr. John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Livestock Conservation Department of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., states that the fire record proves beyond doubt the reliability and effectiveness of automatic water sprinkler protection. He further states that if such a sprinkler system cannot be installed, farmers obeying a few common sense rules, could minimize barn and stable fires and the resultant loss of animals buildings.

Prevent unnecessary fires! Write today for "Fire in the Barn":

Livestock Conservation Department  
Massachusetts S.P.C.A.

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.



U.S. Dept. of Agriculture - Forest Service

State Forest Service

# Scotty Scoops

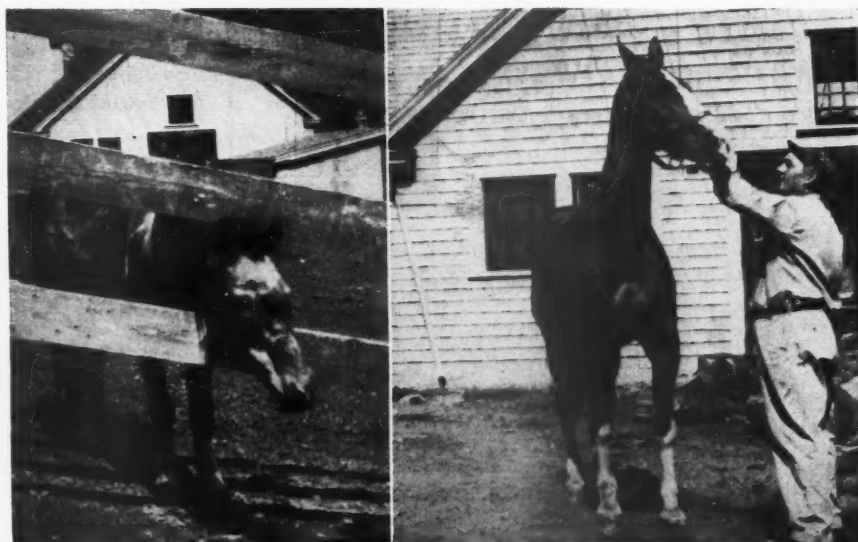
**By Tammy of Pembroke**

**M**Y family and I went to Methuen recently to see "Socks", a Boston Police horse who has joined many of his out-of-service friends at Nevins Farm for Horses, maintained and operated by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. He was in his stall eating dinner when we arrived and was too busy to pay attention to us until we produced a bag of lump sugar for his dessert. He loved that.

After dinner Joe Richards coaxed Socks into the paddock to have his picture taken. Being a modest and therefore camera-shy gentleman he stamped and side-stepped and tossed his head and told us in a loud

voice just what he thought of the whole proceedings.

I suppose Socks is lonely for his companions at Police Station 16, but yet, we were told that he has formed a close friendship with an old pony in the next stall and that they are inseparable. Such a contrast, the tall proud, handsome horse and the little old pony! We plan to go again to take more pictures and by that time "Flubba-Dub", the duck you read of in the June issue of OUR DUMB ANIMALS may have hatched the eggs she's been sitting on. That will be a scoop!



"Pony Boy" watches as his pal "Socks" poses.

# For All Animals

**By Maude Waddell**

My prayer goes up to God on high  
For love, more love to all He's made,  
From man to man, from man to beast,  
That as we ask, so give we aid.  
For our dumb creatures that would ask,  
Had they but tongues to speak  
For mercy, mercy from the strong  
To comfort all the poor and weak.  
I've seen the suffering of the dumb  
With pangs that rent their hearts and mine,  
And know that every pain that's borne  
Is one with all the Christ's Divine.



**THE RUN**, by John Hay, illustrated by David Grose, published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York, 1959, 189 pages, price \$3.95.

**T**HE RUN is a book written by a Cape Codder about Cape Cod. John Hay, who is President of the Cape Cod Junior Museum in Brewster, portrays his love of the Cape and its lore beautifully in this book.

It tells about the annual migrations of the Alewives from the sea up the streams to their spawning grounds in lakes and ponds. An aura of mystery surrounds the yearly ascent of the "herring" to their point of origin in fresh water. In fact many mysteries are suggested by the author. Mr. Hay has attempted to shed some light on the subject through his own patient observations. Neither he nor anyone else knows where the alewives spend their ocean-dwelling lives. Another mystery awaiting a solution is how do they find their way back to the mouths of the streams they descended three or four years previously. Mr. Hay has suggested various possibilities.

THE RUN eloquently points out the interrelationships of living things. The impact of the herring swarming in from the sea is felt by living creatures ranging from man to herring gulls. So realistically has Mr. Hay described the alewives, their battle to reach suitable breeding grounds, and the return of the old fish and fry to the sea that the reader feels witness to all that transpires. All too soon the last page is turned. A stimulating reading experience ends, but the flavor of the book remains. Next spring should bring an increase of visitors to the Old Mill area of Stony Brook. They will be the readers of THE RUN hoping to see the wonder and mystery of a timeless phenomenon—the annual herring run.—D.A.R.

## Livestock Handling

**T**HE ways and means of adding an estimated \$50,000,000 a year to the nation's livestock income through safe handling methods occupied the attention of industry leaders in Chicago on July 8th. This was the first meeting of the newly-organized National Safe Livestock Handling committee sponsored by Live Stock Conservation Inc. This meeting was authorized by the LCI executive committee at the 1959 annual meeting of that group.

The Chairman of the national (new) group is John C. Macfarlane field director, New England LCI and a national LCI vice president. Mr. Macfarlane is also Director of the Massachusetts Livestock Conservation Department of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. He was one of the prime figures responsible for the successful passage of the Humane Slaughter Bill 1636 passed by the Federal House and Senate. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson appointed Mr. Macfarlane to the twelve man committee to assure the carrying out in a proper fashion the humane slaughter of food animals.

Some of the other tasks that are facing the National Safe Livestock Handling committee were discussed: enlarging the committee to more fully represent the national livestock and meat industry; screen major problems pertinent to the handling of meat animals from birth to the packing plant coolers and making task force assignments on specific livestock handling problems.

Said Mr. Macfarlane in his recommendations to the Executive committee:

"We strongly believe that the Safe Livestock Handling committee is completely dependent upon clarification and implementation of three main phases of procedure:

(a) Administration and Public Relations—to provide the funds and personnel and create a favorable climate in which a safe livestock handling program can function (we do not intend to cast any reflection upon present administration at any level).

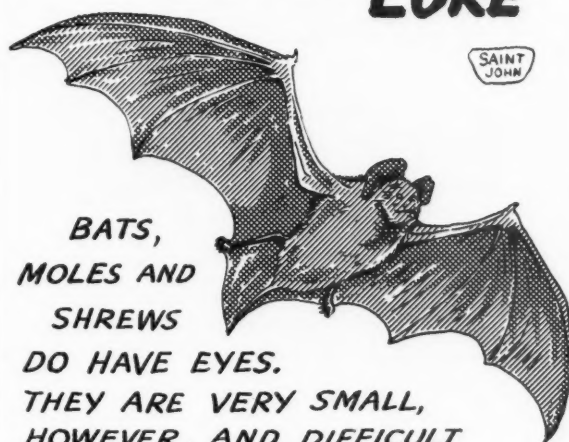
(b) Information—Education based upon sound research—all printed matters, posters, etc., and the preparation of a Livestock Handlers Manual is our first project.

(c) Field Services—meaning that we need a comprehensive appreciation of the importance of applying safe livestock handling practices.

In conclusion Mr. Macfarlane gave this comment concerning livestock conservation:

"The teaching of livestock conservation is an endless task and each year, we begin with a new group of youngsters. It is our hope that a reasonable percentage of these young people will retain our teaching and apply our recommended 'Better Do's' when they themselves begin to earn their money as producers or handlers of livestock."

# ANIMAL LORE



**BATS,  
MOLES AND  
SHREWS**

**DO HAVE EYES.  
THEY ARE VERY SMALL,  
HOWEVER, AND DIFFICULT  
TO SEE.**

## Batty Bat

IT was at the beginning of my morning walk when we first saw it hanging on a telephone pole about a foot above the sidewalk. I had never seen a bat before and it was sure a queer looking critter. We thought it might have been hurt, but being unable to get involved just then on my account, we went our way. Scots resent being hurried or pulled along, so it was some time before I reluctantly turned back. We purposely passed the same street corner and saw the bat, still on the pole but nearer the ground now, and easy prey for cat, dog or human. "Sister" (my owner) decided it must be in real trouble and in need of a helping hand, so we went straight home to get "Auntie" (Sister's friend) and a box to put "Batty" in. I was left on the porch this time, but it wasn't long before they came back with the hissing ugly looking little animal they'd rescued. We put it in the shade on the North-east side of the house and it clung to the stucco for a while trying to figure things out, I guess. Then it commenced to climb up and up until it reached a window where there was no footing and where it was in the hot, bright sun. There it stopped. My family stood wondering what to do next when the bat decided for them. It suddenly took off, flew across the street between trees and houses and made a bee-line for the general direction of the pole where we first saw him. It wasn't injured or too muddled to know its way home, and we like to think it is he we see flying at dusk with several of his relatives busily catching insects.—By Tammy of Pembroke.

November, 1959

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

It is with deep regret that we are forced to announce, because of increased publication costs, that beginning January 1, 1960, the general subscription rate to Our Dumb Animals will be \$2.00 per year. Single copies—20c each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be, as follows and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

- 1 — 4 subscriptions — \$2.00 each
- 5 — 24 subscriptions — \$1.50 each
- 25 — 49 subscriptions — \$1.25 each
- 50 — 99 subscriptions — \$1.00 each
- 100 subscriptions and over — \$.75 each

We have always, and will in the future, sustain heavy losses in the publication of this magazine—a loss which we have gladly underwritten with the firm belief that our readers have come to a better understanding of our work and the relationship existing between human beings and those lesser creatures of the animal kingdom.

There is a limit, however, to how much of a loss we can assume and we have now come to the end of that limit. We ask our subscribers' indulgence and understanding and their future continuance as readers of our magazine.



A PIONEER is quoted as saying, "The breast of the wild turkey we were taught to call bread." This First American fowl, having such economic, recreational, and esthetic value naturally received first consideration from powerful and loyal American citizens throughout the growth of our country. Benjamin Franklin, with his usual shrewdness, is said to have suggested the native turkey as the national emblem in place of the bald eagle. One of his reasons was given as "Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey is peculiar to ours."





# YOUNG READER'S

## Mayflower Dogs

By Farley Granger



*I love all baby creatures—  
It's such fun to caress them,  
They seem to have thoughts in their eyes,  
But no words to express them.*

By Edna Markham



## Licorice Stick

By Jane C. Prouty (age 12)

**L**ICORICE STICK is my horse. He is a black mischief maker. There are two things he always does: in the winter when I go into his stall he tries to eat the buttons off my jacket. In the summer when I brush his tail he opens the stall door with his nose and runs out. He's funny, but I love him.

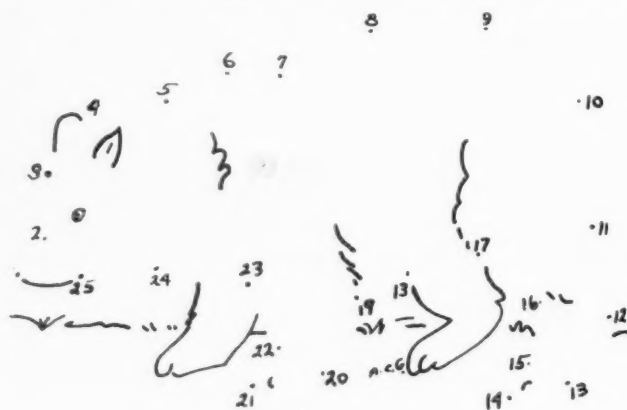
**T**HERE were 102 humans in the hardy band of Pilgrims that sailed on the little ship which landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts in 1620, but there were only two dogs.

According to history, these two dogs were a mastiff and a Spaniel. It is known that the Mastiff was a female and may well have borne a large family, but alas, if it were so, no one thought to record the fact.

In Bradford's History of Plymouth it is reported that Capt. Miles Standish, on his reconnoitering expedition on Cape Cod, met a party of Indians that had a dog along. This backed up by other references to Indian dogs in early writings, including the report that a dog gave the warning when the English attacked the Indians at Pepuot Fort in 1637.

Thus if you have a Spaniel, a Mastiff or a "just plain dog," his ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower, too.

**I**'M very hungry in the Spring after sleeping all Winter. I enjoy eating honey in the good old Summertime. When Fall weather begins I'm sure that Goldilocks just envies me my fur coat. Who am I? Well, you connect the dots and see.



ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—3. Off. 6. Pilgrim. 7. Is. 8. Sun. 9. Etc. 11. Ida. 12. Hat. (Down)—1. Logs. 2. Fist. 4. Fruit. 5. Find. 6. Pic. 10. Ch.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# PAGES



## Step-o-Gram

By Louise Darcy

1. P — — — — —, a bird that talks
2. — H — — — — —, a bird with a sweet song
3. — — O — — — —, a shore bird with a thick bill
4. — — — — E — — —, night birds when they are young
5. — — — — — B — —, these are fed to birds
6. — — — — — E, what birds often do when they sing

ANSWERS: 1. Parrot, 2. Thrush, 3. Plover, 4. Owls, 5. crumBs, 6. warble.



## Life Guard

By Diane Gentes

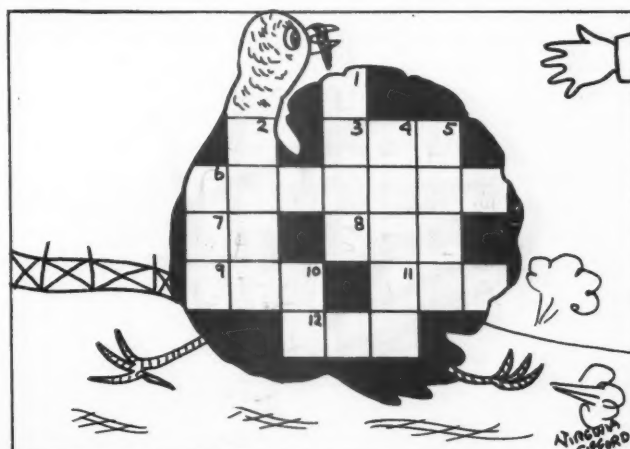
HERE is my lifeguard. Every time I go in deep water my dog "Sargeant," who is a German Shepherd jumps into the water and pulls me out. Mother says that he is a wonderful pet for my brother and sister and I, when we go swimming.



BE the first one in your neighborhood to receive a letter from a new pen pal overseas. Learn about the rest of the young people in the world and their pets and the animals of their lands. Eventually you may swap everything from stamps to visits.

For full particulars write to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Attention: Mr. Albert C. Governor, Asst. Editor of Our Dumb Animals magazine.

November, 1959



| ACROSS           | DOWN               |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 3. NOT ON.       | 1.                 |
| 6.               | 2.                 |
| 7. BE.           | 4.                 |
| 8.               | 5. TO DISCOVER.    |
| 9. AND SO FORTH. | 6.                 |
| 11. GIRL'S NAME. | 10. CHURCH - ABBV. |
| 12.              |                    |

## My Kitten

By Corena Bailey (age 11)

My little kitten cute and gay,  
 My little kitten who will play all day.  
 At times she's gentle; at times she's rough.  
 At times she bites my sleeve cuff.  
 She has very soft and silky fur,  
 I will scratch her chin and she will purr.  
 She has big and lovely eyes,  
 Sometimes she gets mad and cries and cries.  
 Black and white and gray,  
 Is my little kitten who will play all day.

# Thank You, Father

By Pauline V. McConnell

HOW about the tradition of saying grace at your house? As you look back into your childhood, perhaps you recall this moment at the table when, with bowed head, you and your loved ones repeated one of the sage blessings. That might have been, "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, Amen." Or, it may have been, "Bless this food to our use and us to Thy service. In God's Name we ask it." Even, "We thank Thee, God our King, Who made the world and everything. From out the earth Thou bringest bread . . . By which all Thy children are fed."

Whatever was the manner in which you prayed and thanked God for His blessings, it gave you a warm, comfortable, happy feeling. Some time ago I read a fine editorial on saying Grace. It was written by Mr. Charles D. Rice. Mr. Rice told the story of a little New England lady who remembers her family's Grace before Meals, but mostly she remembers with great affection, the "Grace before Grace."

The elderly lady tells of the Thanksgivings she remembers as a child. But, in remembering, there is one single solitary

moment which stands out in her mind above all others. It is one I am sure that all of us who love our animals will cherish. This is her story as told to Mr. Rice.

"Father would round us all up and say, 'Are you ready now?' and then lead us from the kitchen to the barn, and we children would gather up the newest kittens and puppies and cart them out after him. Mother would follow wiping her hands on her apron. And when we got out there, we'd give our dear old mare a hug and pat our brown cows, and then wait for Father to begin.

"He stood tall as an Apostle, with fine shafts of light running down on him from the chinks in the loft. And he stood patient until the last small thing was caught safe in our arms. Then he folded his arms and bent his head with a smile. It seemed that our brown cows stopped chomping and the silliest puppy left off its wriggling as he spoke:

"Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for our good beasts, which are dear to us next our kin. And on this Thanksgiving Day, we ask Thy fond blessing upon them, for they cannot ask themselves. AMEN."

On our Thanksgiving Day, let us remember to thank their creator for sending them to us to care for and love. I don't think the little New England lady would mind if all of us learned her father's meaningful words and remembered them. I think He would like it!

**THANK YOU FATHER FOR OUR BEASTS,** by Charles D. Rice, reprinted from **THIS WEEK MAGAZINE**, Nov. '57. COPYRIGHT 1957 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corporation.

## HELP YOURSELF

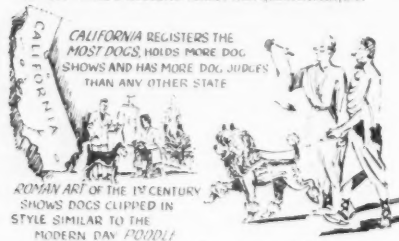
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## DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



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ROMAN ART OF THE 1ST CENTURY SHOWS DOGS CLIPPED IN STYLE SIMILAR TO THE MODERN DAY POODLE

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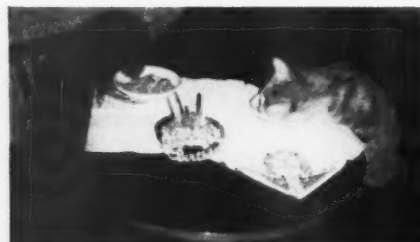
## Readers on Review



The bed they like the best is mine, Where they can cuddle and recline.— Sent in by Mrs. May Moore, Boston, Mass.



Here we see Folly in her "recuperation jacket" after her successful operation at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.— Sent in by Mrs. M. C. Richards, Boston, Mass.



Smokey Joe entertained his pal Tommy at a birthday party during which both enjoyed a crabmeat birthday "cake" topped with candles—Sent in by Mrs. George P. Fox, Westminster, Maryland.

## Don't Miss Out

We are taking orders for 1959 Bound Volumes of OUR DUMB ANIMALS. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped, is now only \$3.00.

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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

**I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)**

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

"Although shelter work is my special interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

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Yes, whether it be Christmas, a birthday, a wedding anniversary, or whatever the occasion, we feel that this is truly a most appropriate way of showing admiration for a special person on a special day.

The Gift Certificate, which we will send to the person of your choice, will be inscribed with your name and address as the donor and brings with it a full year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

In addition, *you* will be the recipient of one of our attractive "doggie banks", illustrated here, which we hope you will like and will serve as a reminder of your interest in animal welfare.

To accomplish this, all you have to do is send us your check for ten dollars or more made payable to the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. You would, indeed, make some loved one very happy by enrolling him as a member of this fine old organization. Be sure to send your check at least *one month* in advance of the occasion and, of course, include the complete name and address of the recipient.

We sincerely hope that many of our readers will wish to take advantage of this novel way of extending their greetings. It will not only bring happiness, but it will also enable us to carry on the very important work of this 91-year-old Society.

*"Kindness  
Reminder"*





